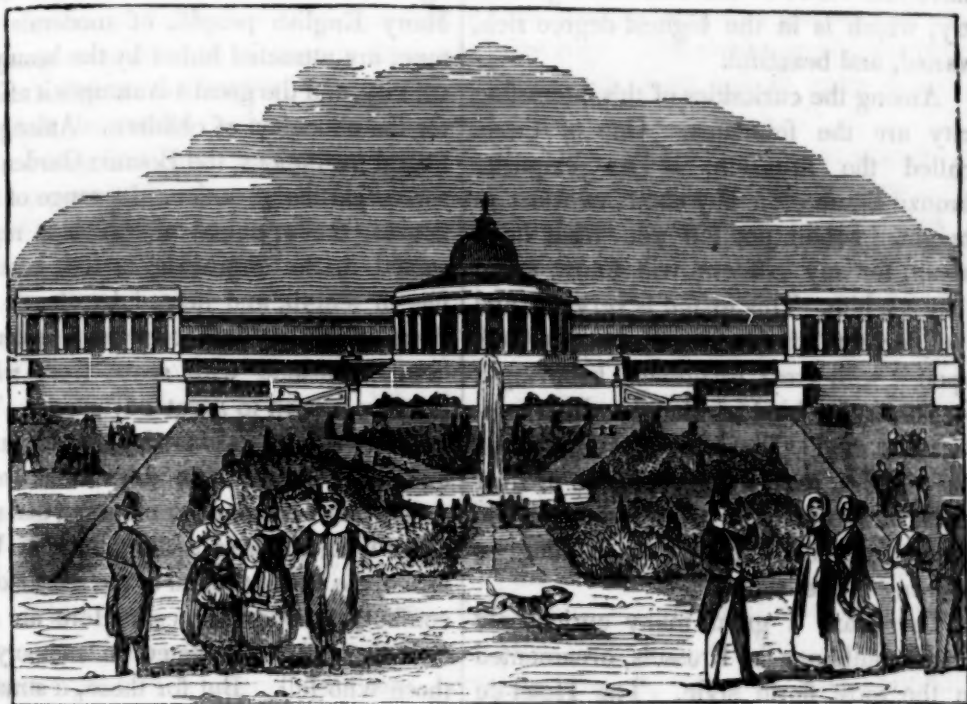


MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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No. 2.



The Botanic Garden, Brussels

Brussels.

BRUSSELS, the capital of Belgium, is one of the handsomest cities in Europe. It is situated on the little river Senne, fifty miles from the sea, and one hundred and fifty-five miles north-east of Paris. Its population, including the suburbs, is about 135,000. Here the king, Leopold, holds his court; here is his palace, and here is the *Palais du Congrès*, where the legislative body meets.

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The full description of this city would occupy many pages. We have room only for a few of its principal characteristics. It is built on the slope of a hill, and, when viewed from the west, has a fine appearance. It is surrounded by a wall, but the old fortifications, which were once very strong, are thrown down, and their site is formed into beautiful promenades or *boulevards*. These encircle two thirds

of the city, and are planted with rows of linden-trees. As you walk along this charming place, you see the finest gardens on either side, presenting every variety of fruit and flower, together with every kind of embellishment in ornamental gardening. From the boulevards you have also views of the surrounding country, which is in the highest degree rich, varied, and beautiful.

Among the curiosities of this interesting city are the fountains. One of these, called the *Manikin*, is an exquisite bronze figure of a boy about two feet in height. I shall not tell you what he is about, for my readers will know when they see him. This image is very old, and the ancient inhabitants of the city look upon it with great reverence, believing it to possess a kind of charm, which protects the city. Another fountain, that of the *Fleuves*, has two groups, one of river gods, in marble, and one of dolphins, in bronze, which appear to be bathing or sporting in the water.

There are a great many curious old Gothic buildings in Brussels, ornamented in the most florid style. The Hotel de Ville is a lofty edifice of this description, and has a very strange appearance, especially to an American.

The streets and squares of Brussels are among the finest in the world. The park is an open oblong space, containing fourteen acres. It is covered with smooth, verdant turf, and is laid out in straight and winding walks, sheltered by lofty beech and chestnut-trees, and plantations of acacias. It is embellished with numerous groups of marble statuary from heathen mythology. It is surrounded with magnificent edifices, and is every day enli-

vened with troops of people, among which are always a considerable number of scampering, hoiden children, playing over the grounds.

Brussels abounds in celebrated buildings, and contains several grand and venerable cathedrals, erected in the middle ages. It is also noted for its schools. Many English people, of moderate fortune, are attracted hither by the beauty of the city, and the great advantages it affords for the education of children. Among the liberal institutions, the Botanic Garden deserves particular notice. Its range of hothouses, the principal of which is represented in the engraving, is four hundred feet in length, and heated by steam. In front of these hothouses is a splendid lawn, furnished with seats, from which the city is seen to great advantage. The gardens are open to students at all times, and to the public three days in the week.

We must not omit to mention, that nine miles from Brussels is the village of Waterloo, the battle-ground of the most bloody conflict in modern times. Here are several monuments erected in memory of those who fell. But for these, a stranger would not imagine, from its present appearance, that it could ever have been the theatre of such a scene. It is now covered with fields of grass and grain, and seems smiling with peace and plenty. Yet here Bonaparte was finally overthrown, and here the cold, stern, heartless Wellington uttered that memorable saying, while looking upon the heaps of slain, — "There is nothing so dreadful as a great defeat, except a great victory."

SINCE you wronged me, you never had a good thought of me.

"Take Care of Number One!"

[Continued from vol. x. p. 373.]

CHAPTER III.

IT was night when Jacob and his conductor paused in their journey. They alighted at a comfortable looking house, and the boy, having taken a hearty meal, though of homely fare, was conducted to a chamber, where, without a light, he retired to bed. Here he lay for a long time, revolving in his mind with deep interest the circumstances of the day. "What," said he to himself, "is to come of all this? Where am I to go? What is to be done with me? Who is this strange man, who tells me that he was directed by my father to take charge of me? Why does he not tell me his name? Why does he ask me a hundred questions, and answer none himself? What has he done with the cash he got in my father's cellar? Is he saving it for me, or is he only '*taking care of Number One*'?"

With these and similar questions the boy lay racking his fancy for a long time; but at last he fell asleep. He was, however, soon awakened; and he now saw, by a faint light, a singular-looking creature by his bedside. He started up, and was about to scream with fright, when the apparition spoke:—

"Whist! Jacob Karl, whist! I will not harm you. I came rather to do you a kindness. You are now at the house of Lawyer Sponge. To-morrow he will carry you away, I know not whither. Take this; it is your father's will. Sponge thought he had burned it; but I pulled it slyly out of the ashes, and it only got a little singed. Keep it next your

skin, and do not let any body see it till you are older, and know its use. Beware of Sponge! I know him well; beware!"

The being that spoke thus was a thin, crooked little man, with a gleaming eye, seeming like that of insanity. Having told his errand, he departed; and though Jacob called after him, he turned not back, but sped away with a gliding and ghost-like step. The swiftness of his departure put out the light, and all again was darkness.

After thinking over these strange incidents, Jacob again tried to sleep; but it was long before his eyes were closed. At last he fell into a profound slumber, from which, after some time, he was awakened by the well-known voice of his protector, and whom he now knew to be Lawyer Sponge. Arising with a start, he dressed himself as fast as his trembling hands would allow. Placing the paper, which the strange figure had given him, snug beneath his jacket, he made his way to the stairs, and descended. Here he partook of a hasty meal, and, again entering the wagon, set off with his former conductor. It was still dark, though the dawn had commenced. They rode on in silence, and at a rapid pace. The sun rose, and the day waned, and still they pursued their journey. Late at night they reached a small seaport town, and, driving down to a wharf where lay a few vessels, they alighted. Stepping upon the deck of a schooner that lay close to the wharf, the lawyer knocked at the companion-way. A gruff voice replied; and soon a dark, shaggy head was seen rising from the hole. A few words of explanation followed, and the lawyer descended into the bowels of the vessel, leaving poor

Karl, cold, timid, and shivering, upon the deck. After a long conference with the captain of the craft, Sponge returned, and, leading Jacob forward, committed him to the care of the seaman, and departed.

The boy was little accustomed to kind words or luxurious fare; yet now, that he was thrust into a box for a bed, and told to lie down, with a voice which might benefit a bear, he felt that kind of sickness at heart which is only understood by the children of misfortune. Cowering in his lair, he composed himself as well as he could; and sleep, that great comforter of youthful trouble, soon drew a veil over his sorrows.

He was awakened, early in the morning, by a terrible thumping overhead, and, jumping from his berth, he ran on deck to see what was the matter. To his great surprise, the vessel was under sail, and had already stretched away to a considerable distance from the place where she had been anchored. She was soon out to sea, and, gliding before a light, but brisk wind, she advanced rapidly on her voyage. In six days, she began to approach the land, and soon after, she ran into a small harbor.

Jacob was now taken ashore by the captain, and, being placed in a wagon, was carried about four miles into the country, and committed to the care of a farmer, by the name of Lane. All these events appeared to Jacob to proceed as if they were but the fulfilment of a settled plan; and he yielded to circumstances, as if submission was his only course of action.

He found that he was to take up his permanent abode with the farmer, and to aid him in his agricultural operations.

This situation was rather agreeable than otherwise; for, though his master seemed to regard him only as a thing that might be useful to him, he still inflicted upon him no wanton or needless cruelty. By degrees the youth became cheerful, and generally performed his duties with alacrity and cleverness. But such had been the circumstances of his life, and such was his present condition, that he had learned to cherish only a regard for himself. The little he had seen of life had led him to think all mankind selfish, and to consider every man as seeking his own interests, regardless of the rights and feelings of others. His father's dying injunction, "*Take care of Number One!*" seemed to him to embody all the wisdom of the world, and to point out the practical philosophy of earthly fortune. This, then, was the principle of his actions, and we shall soon see its results.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shoemaking in France.

THE New York Gazette states that there are one hundred million shoes made annually in France. The salaries paid to the men making them amount to three hundred million francs. The value of the leathern gloves annually manufactured in France is thirty million francs, and this business affords employment to ten thousand workmen.

Love thinks no evil, and envy no good. Virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment.



Lord Rokeby.

THERE are many ways of getting a name. Eratostratus burned the famous temple of Diana, at Ephesus, for no other purpose than to hand down his memory to after times; Diogenes is chiefly remembered for living in a tub, which he carried about as his house; Xantippe is renowned for her unruly tongue, and Sappho for jumping into the sea; King Pepin was nicknamed because he was short, and Edward I. because of his "long shanks;" Absalom attained an elevated station by means of his long hair, and the most interesting portion of Samson's history arises from his hair being cut short; Maximilian Miller was famous because he was so big, and Joseph Boruwlaski because he was so little; Beronicius was celebrated for his great memory, and Thomas Law because he sometimes forgot his own name; Bucephalus is famous on account of his master, and Whittington owes his reputation to his cat; Father Miller will

be remembered by his humbug, and Capt Stockton by his big gun; Talleyrand was celebrated for having wit, and George III. for not having any.

The hero of our present article lived in England about a century ago, when a shaven chin was the mark of a gentleman, and a long beard was, of course, esteemed an enormity. His name was Matthew Robinson; but he acquired the title of earl of Rokeby on the death of his father. This would have satisfied a man of ordinary ambition, but it was not sufficient for his swelling bosom. He therefore let his beard grow, and soon became an object of general remark. It was entirely owing to this happy device that he owes his immortality, and the celebration of his fame in these pages. Every other circumstance of his life was tame and common-place; but, on account of his long beard, his ordinary actions assumed importance, and in a book entitled "Wonders of Human Nature" we find a long detail, telling us how Lord Rokeby bathed, how he walked, how he rode, &c. &c.

Yet his story is not without its moral. Lord Rokeby was a man of little mind, and he showed it in attempting to acquire distinction by carrying about a dirty mass of useless hair upon his chin. His success may have inspired emulation in the breasts of some in our own time, who have similar capacities and similar tastes, and who, by the abundance of their hair, proclaim a corresponding paucity of brains.

THERE is a pleasure in tender emotions which far surpasses any that unnatured ones are capable of creating.

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

[Continued from p. 29.]

CHAPTER VII.

DURING my intercourse with the Armenian merchants, who are numerous in Circassia, I had much conversation with them on the subject of their native country, a land which I had always regarded with high interest. Armenia is very little known to the inhabitants of Christendom. Yet here, according to ancient tradition, was the Garden of Eden, the happy abode of our first parents; here Noah's Ark, after having floated over a shoreless ocean, rested on the lofty summit of Mount Ararat. I felt a great curiosity to visit this country; and fortunately, one of my Armenian acquaintances having occasion to visit his home, I seized the opportunity to accompany him.

It was cold weather when we set out, and we soon found the roads encumbered with deep snow. I have not room here to relate many particulars of the journey to Armenia; but, after crossing a tract of country quite barren and destitute of trees or plants, we came to a region of hills and valleys covered with forests, watered by an abundance of beautiful streams, and skirted by mountains, which were clothed with lofty trees, reminding me strongly of the fresh green forests of New England. As we proceeded on our journey, the land became more elevated, the cold increased, and the snow was deeper. We met several parties of the roving people called *Koords*: they were wild-looking figures, richly, but fantastically dressed, and armed to the teeth

with spears, swords, guns, pistols, &c. These fellows would have been glad of a chance to fall upon us, and strip us to the skin; for they make no scruple of attacking and plundering travellers who are not strong enough to resist them; but, luckily for ourselves, we were not inferior in number or equipment to any body of them which we met; so we thanked our stars when, after a keen scrutiny from their sharp, black eyes, they returned our civil salute when we gave them the time of day, as we should call it in this country, — namely, the words "*salam alicum*," or "peace be with you," — and then passed on.

As we approached that lofty district of Armenia in which the great river Euphrates has its source, the cold became intense, and the journey up the mountain-side was difficult and painful. We followed the track worn in the hard snow by the passage of the caravans, but were constantly embarrassed by the slipping and falling of our horses and mules, which we were obliged to unload, and load again, at every one of these accidents. We passed many villages, but all of them had been visited by the hostile armies of the Russians: some were totally ruined, and not one had escaped without serious damage. In one of these, we saw a church more than a thousand years old, built, as usual, in the form of a cross, with a multitude of irregular patchings and additions, forming a most curious lump of architecture, and surrounded by a strong wall, by way of fortification. I wished to stop here, as the cold increased

every moment, and the sun was declining in the west. The inhabitants began to make preparations for lodging us, and I was just beginning to comfort myself at a cheerful fire, when our guide, after a violent dispute with my Armenian friend, declared that we must push onward without delay for the next regular halting-place, or we should lose a whole day in getting a change of horses there. There seemed to be no remedy, and we accordingly started off, casting a "longing, lingering look behind" at the cheerful, warm blaze, which we were compelled to abandon for a four hours' march in the freezing cold.

I could not help some dismal forebodings, together with a special shivering fit, as we spurred our jaded animals away from the village; and I cast a glance at the crimson disk of the sun, which went down behind the snowy cap of a distant mountain. The cold chilled us almost to death, and there was every prospect of its increasing; and as I had already sorely experienced the danger, difficulty, and suffering of travelling by night through the snow, I really thought we were running a great risk of our lives. But I reflected that it is always best, in such cases, to follow the advice of the people of the country, and the guide was confident; so I shrugged my shoulders, and jogged on with the rest. It would be useless to attempt a description of our sufferings that night; they did not fall short of the worst of our anticipations.

At length, about midnight, when we were all so benumbed that every joint of our limbs was stiffened, we were overjoyed at the sight of something which broke the dreary monotony of the road,

and looked like the trace of a human being. It was, however, nothing more than a heap of ruins, which, when we arrived at them, exhibited a multitude of black stones scattered about among the snow. At first, they had loomed up strangely through the frosty mist that ascended from the hollows of the valley in which they were situated, and our disappointment was extreme when we found it not to be a large town. We wandered on through these miserable ruins, but all was as silent as a graveyard, except the occasional howling of a dog, "making night hideous." Not a house that appeared to contain a human being was to be seen.

The most of us huddled ourselves together under the lee of a ruinous old wall, where we endeavored to keep ourselves from freezing to death, while our guide, with two or three others, went to raise some of the inhabitants. In about an hour he returned with the agreeable intelligence that he had discovered the caravanserai, or inn. And now, reader, what think you of the Tremont House of this delectable Armenian village? Our guide led the way, and presently we came to a formidable, black-looking chasm, where he politely bade us "walk in." A more dismal hole I never put my nose into. There was neither light, fire, nor attendants. The people were all asleep, or pretended to be so, not caring to trouble themselves about new-comers, at one o'clock in the morning. I began to despair of obtaining any thing more than a shelter from the wintry wind, when a worthy official, who had been summoned from the house of the bey, or governor of the place, arrived at the inn and roused

up our unwilling hosts "in the name of the Commonwealth," as Yankees would say. This caused an immediate stir, and the folks of the house began to "fly round." They struck a light, and led the way for us into a small room, where I discovered fifteen or twenty men and women, stretched out upon the floor, higgledy-piggledy, in the most picturesque confusion.

The officer whom I have mentioned was a kind of city marshal, as I inferred : and he proceeded to exercise his authority without much delicacy. Brandishing a stout stick among these unlucky lodgers, he set them scampering in a trice, to make way for their betters, as he politely told them. Half dressed, not more than half awake, and staggering this way and that, like drunken creatures, they were all trundled out of the room, and we were introduced to their warm nests. It went sadly against my conscience to see these unfortunate wights thrust neck and heels out of doors on our account ; but what could I do ? Such an exercise of authority was the most common thing in the world here, and when I attempted to make some remonstrances in favor of the sufferers, I found my companions could not understand such scruples, and they assured me the fellows were used to it, and could easily take care of themselves.

There were no beds here ; but a sufficiency of mats, carpets, and pillows was soon provided for us, and, ere long, a cheerful fire was kindled, to our infinite comfort. Having thawed ourselves, we partook of coffee, which is an article that can always be had in the East, except where there is a want of every thing.

We were then regaled with a *pilaw*, or fowl stewed with rice, and then, heartily tired and sleepy, we lay down, and enjoyed a night of as sound repose as we had ever known.

This Armenian hotel was kept by a Koord — a strange fellow, like the most of his tribe. They are at once independent and servile ; hospitable in external show, but in heart most selfish and greedy. They attempt every possible trick to extort money from those with whom they deal, but, when they find themselves foiled, submit very complacently, and take with many thanks whatever is offered them. Travellers who know the Koordish tavern-keepers make no scruple of hectoring and abusing them with every sort of coarse language, calling them scoundrels, sons of dogs, and every thing that is vile and infamous. Yet these persons, who style themselves *agas* or gentlemen, seem to receive all this as a matter of course.

The next morning, while our horses were getting ready, and I sat watching our baggage, an old Koordish woman rushed into the room, followed by a whole shoal of young ones. She pretended she wanted fire, and went toward the chimney ; but it was easy to see that the only object was to stare at me, the American — for such an animal had never before been seen in this country ; and I really believe they thought I had dropped out of the moon. The children did not affect any reserve about the matter, but fell at once to peeping, and poking, and nuzzling about me like puppy-dogs round a bone — staring like owls, and grinning, and grimacing, and jabbering, like a troop of young monkeys.

These people were travellers, like our party, and were a part of the roomful of lodgers whom we had so unceremoniously routed the preceding night. After satisfying their curiosity in relation to me, they sat down and began preparations for recommencing their journey, stuffing hay into their buskins of raw sheepskin, to keep the soles of their feet from the cold, which I found to be the common practice. The lower limbs are clumsily bandaged with strips of cloth, and above these are worn the *shulhoars*, or loose Turkish trousers, common to all ranks and classes.

Soon after leaving this village, we slowly ascended a mountain-pass, from the top of which we looked down upon a brilliant white plain, and at the farther end of it beheld Mount Ararat lifting its lofty head up to the clouds, arrayed in an unbroken sheet of glittering white snow. It was a grand and glorious prospect. The mountain, although at a great distance, seemed, from its enormous bulk, to be close at hand; and I longed to obtain a nearer view, or at least to linger a while in sight of so noble an object. But it was freezing cold, and any delay might have cost us a night in the snow — possibly our lives. From the foot of this pass we had a difficult journey across a level tract covered with deep snow, and then through a mass of craggy hills of basaltic rock, which rose like black columns out of the snow. At length we came out of these defiles into a great plain, extending twenty or thirty miles to the foot of Ararat.

Across this plain we directed our course to the town of Bajazeed, which is perched on a jutting rock, projecting boldly from

a very lofty and rugged mountain cut into thousands of ravines. The houses are built on both sides of a deep cleft in the rock, so that you do not see the half of it till you climb up and get into it, as into a bird's nest. Nothing is more surprising, to a traveller in this country, than the prospect of large towns, stuck, as it were, against the steep mountain-sides, or perched upon almost inaccessible cliffs. I hardly ever climbed a steeper hill than the ascent to Bajazeed. The pathways were covered with ice, so that our horses were continually slipping, and it was a miracle that our necks were not broken. When we had got within the town, we wandered up and down, for a long time, in the dark night, among what appeared to be houses, but were only ruins of them. These were the dwellings of the poor Armenians who had been carried off by the Russians, and a most pitiful sight they exhibited.

I have never seen a more complete scene of ruins, where any thing was left to indicate the residence of human beings. Scarcely one house in a hundred was inhabited, and, of those occupied, few were in repair. The wood-work of the abandoned dwellings served the remaining population for fuel. Such are the effects of a military conquest, and such are the tender mercies of a conqueror. Ten thousand Armenians were carried off from this town alone, to linger out a miserable existence, or perish prematurely in the forests and swamps of Mingrelia. Before this catastrophe, Bajazeed was a populous and thriving place. It is now completely ruined; for the Russians have depopulated not only the town, but the

surrounding country, and wantonly destroyed almost every thing which could not be carried off.

As I wandered through the streets of this unfortunate town, clambering from ruin to ruin, with the evidences of its fallen condition staring me in the face at every footstep, — the miserable stalls and shops, scattered here and there, containing only the meanest and coarsest of the necessaries of life, and the wretched shopkeepers sitting mournfully among their tumble-down tenements, like the forlorn and withered remnants of an exhausted people, — I could not avoid casting my thoughts homeward, and reflecting how little the inhabitants of our own country appreciate the benefits of their fortunate condition, in being free from the dreadful visitations of war and conquest. While they cultivate their peaceful fields, and reap their plentiful harvests unmolested, let them imagine their lot cast amid the war-loving nations of other lands, — their fields deluged with blood, their harvest trampled under foot, their dwellings plundered and burned by invading armies, and themselves dragged off, like herds of cattle, at the bidding of an insolent conqueror. Such is the portion of half the world; and we cannot estimate too highly the blessings which the American people enjoy in their exemption from these calamities.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE man that is captious and full of punctilios upon all occasions, is much like a hedgehog, which we know not where to take hold of.

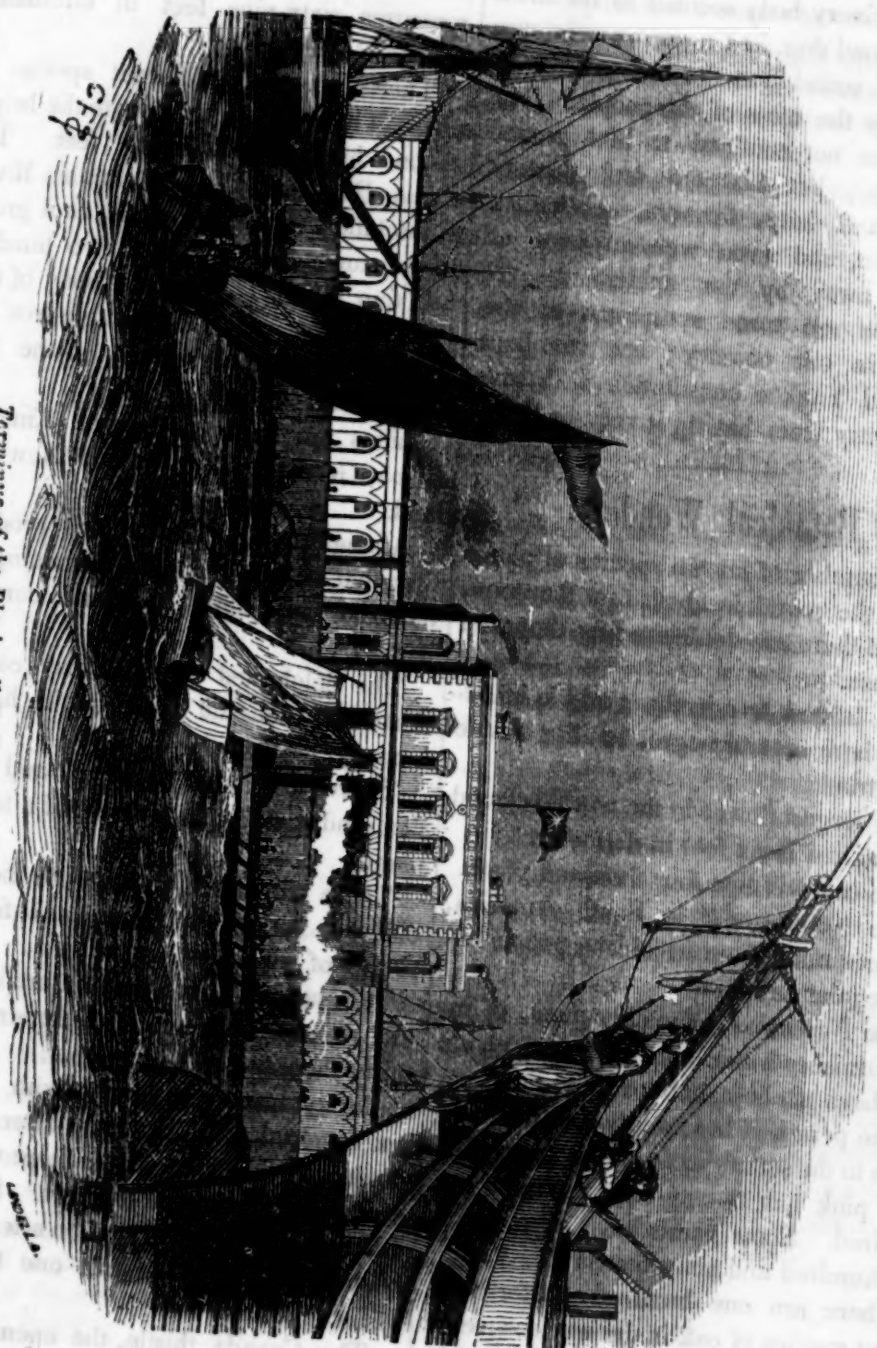
Railways in England.

THE railroads in England are already numerous; many others are in progress; and multitudes, besides, are projected. These works are executed much more perfectly than similar ones in this country. Labor is cheaper there than here; and for this reason they bestow upon them more care, and finish them more thoroughly. Many of the stations are fitted up in a truly splendid style, the architecture being generally in excellent taste. The tracks are almost always double; the roads are fenced in; the banks are neatly turfed, and, in many places, they are embellished with patches of beautiful flowers. On the annexed page is given a view of the terminus of the railroad from London to Blackwall, a distance of five miles from St. Paul's. It stands out into the Thames, and will give an idea of the good taste usually displayed in these works.

In a preceding number we gave an account of the two tunnels cut through the rock in Shakspeare's Cliff, at Dover: there are numerous works of the same kind in England. No obstacle is too formidable for the enterprise now exerted in the execution of railways. Hills give way, valleys are filled up, rivers are crossed, forests fall prostrate, rocks are perforated, houses are removed; — every thing seems to yield before the railway spirit now abroad in England.

It might seem that there was enough of this sort of enterprise in our country; but it is nothing compared to the *mania* which lately was raging in Great Britain. Not only were the works themselves immense, but the spirit of speculation even

Terminus of the Blackwall Railroad, London.



outstripped the enterprise actually undertaken. Every body seemed to be bitten by this mad dog, and a person who was cool and sound was deemed out of his senses by the mass of the people. The fever was not confined to brokers and capitalists; but lawyers and doctors, clergy and laity, farmers, mechanics, tradesmen, and even women, were all carried away by the epidemic. We think we see some symptoms of this disease in our country; but we hope our good Yankee constitution will save our country from having it very badly.

Botanical Wonders.

THE number of known species of plants in the world is about fifty thousand, and there are doubtless fifty thousand more.

The largest tree in the world is in Africa, where several negro families reside in the trunk.

The largest flower in the world is found in Java, and is six feet in diameter.

The oak will live four thousand years.

The "cow-tree," in South America, produces milk, from which the people obtain regular supplies.

The *Nepenthus*, or pitcher plant, of India, furnishes water in its leaves, which not only have pitchers, but covers to them.

The pear leaf has twenty-four thousand pores to the square inch, on the under side. The pink has twenty-eight thousand five hundred. Some plants have as many as one hundred and sixty thousand.

There are one hundred and forty different species of oak in the world, seventy of which are found in America, and thirty in Europe.

The largest oak in the world is one in Dorsetshire, England, whose trunk measures sixty-nine feet in circumference.

There are forty different species of pine. The white pine grows to the height of one hundred and eighty feet. The *Pinus Duglaci*, on the Columbia River, is the tallest tree in the world, as it grows to the stupendous height of two hundred and four feet. The greatest body of timber ever measured from a single tree was from the *Pinus Lambianus*, on the Missouri River.

Lilies are natives of North America, China, Germany, Liberia, and New Holland.

A single barley-corn in Paris produced fifty-five culms, or stalks, containing one hundred and eighty thousand corns of barley.

The celebrated botanist Ray counted thirty-two thousand seeds in the head of a poppy.

There are three hundred and sixty thousand seeds in the capsule of a tobacco plant.

There are no less than nine thousand different varieties of roses, and fifty varieties of pinks.

It is supposed by many naturalists that the elm-tree produces five hundred and thirty thousand seeds per year.

Barley has been sowed with success one hundred and forty years after it was produced. Wheat may be kept with the germinating principle for ages. Seeds of different grasses will vegetate after having been buried in the earth one thousand years.

The Canada thistle, the enemy of all farmers, is a native of Canada, but it has

crossed the Atlantic by means of wings with which its seeds are provided.

The yew-trees of Surrey, England, stood in the days of Julius Cæsar. There is an apple-tree in Hartford, Connecticut, two hundred years old; a fig-tree in Palestine seven hundred and eighty years old; a live oak in Louisiana one thousand years old; a pine-tree in Asia Minor one thousand eight hundred and ninety years old. A cedar on Mount Lebanon is two thousand one hundred and twenty years old; a chestnut on Mount Etna, Sicily, two thousand six hundred years old; a sycamore on the Bosphorus four thousand years old.

Some person, who had nothing else to do, has ascertained that there are five hundred and fifty thousand grains in a bushel of wheat, five hundred and twenty thousand in barley, one million two hundred and sixty thousand in oats, twenty-seven thousand in horse-beans.

The Dove.

[Founded on an incident that recently occurred.]

THE rosy light of Sabbath eve
On hill and valley lay,
And lingered long, as if to leave
A blessing on the day.

The village bell had sweetly tolled
Its chime upon the air,
To summon to their hallowed fold
The worshippers for prayer.

The organ's deep and solemn peals
Fell on the listening ear,
As o'er the senses gently steals
The feeling—God is near!

The youthful preacher rose, and took
His theme,—'twas Jesus' love,—

When, lo! beside the sacred book
There stood a snow-white dove.

With timid gaze and folded wing
It paused—then soared away:
In vain we sought to track its course,
In vain we bade it stay.

Onward and upward still it flew,
Till not a speck was seen,
To tell that in the vaults of blue
Its graceful form had been.

I know not if the thought be wrong,
But it hath *seemed* to me
That some *mute herald* from the skies
That gentle bird might be,—

To teach us, if to innocence
Our days on earth are given,
We, too, may plume our spirits' wings,
And take our flight for heaven.

The memory of that Sabbath eve,
That quiet sunset scene,
Did on my heart an impress leave,
From which this truth I glean:—

That nature's *simplest lessons* tend
To show some moral plain;
For, on the page that God hath penned,
No line is writ in vain.

New York Observer.

Timepieces.

THE common instruments for measuring time among the ancients were hour-glasses, sun-dials, and a vessel of water with a hole in its bottom. King Alfred's time-keeper consisted of six wax tapers, twelve inches long, enclosed in a lantern of horn, so thin as to be transparent.

YOUNG people should never intrude their opinions where they are not asked for, or where they might give offence.



"Created both one flower — both on one sampler."

Friendship.

IF I were to ask my young readers to study the works of Shakspeare, some of them perhaps might think that I was setting them a hard and disagreeable task. Yet, of all writers, Shakspeare is perhaps the greatest and best; and, though young persons may not understand him at first, yet in time they will not only do this, but they will be delighted and instructed by his pages. I will give an instance which will show the pleasure and instruction to be derived from Shakspeare.

Now, we all know that *friendship* — the pure, unselfish love of two friends — is one of the most delightful of human virtues, and is a thing to be cultivated and cherished, as purifying and elevating to the soul and mind. Well, if the reader will look at Shakspeare's play of the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," he will find a

speech made by Helena, who fancies that she has been injured by her friend Hermia. In this we find the following beautiful description of friendship: —

Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these con-
trived,
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' words, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us — O, and is all forgot?
All school-day friendship, childhood's inno-
cence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
*Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key, —
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition.*

The Highest Peak of the Rocky Mountains.

THE following interesting sketch is found in Captain Fremont's journal of travels in the western country:—

"Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travellers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found our breath beginning to fail. At intervals, we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and, about eighteen hundred feet above the lake, came to the snow line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted in climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *par fleche*; but here I put on a thin, light pair, which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a farther advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountains, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the onset had spared my strength, and, with the exception of a slight disposition to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet. Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the

top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest.

"I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field, five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice, and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20 degrees north and 51 degrees east. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed as if a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ranrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning ascent, we had met no sign of animal life, except a small, sparrow-like bird. A most profound stillness and a terrible solitude forced themselves on the mind as the features of the place.

"Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but, while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus*, the humble-bee) came winging its flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men. It was a strange place—the icy rock, and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains—for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves

with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier, — a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place — in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 19,293, the attached thermometer at 44 degrees; giving, for the elevation of this summit, 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect.

* * *

“Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about two o'clock when we left the summit; and when we reached the bottom, the sun had already sunk behind the wall, and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.”

—

EMPTY vessels make the most noise.

The Confession.

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast:
The livelong day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so:
A weary weight oppresses me —
A weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear:
My lands are broad and fair to see;
My friends are kind and dear.
My kin are real and true, father;
They mourn to see my grief;
But O, 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief.

'Tis not that Jenet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my laboring breast:
It's that *confounded cucumber*
I've ate, and can't digest.

Blackwood

The Emperor Nicholas.

THE emperor of Russia is called *czar*, and sometimes the *autocrat*. He is a complete despot, and rules and reigns according to his own pleasure. The present czar is named *Nicholas*, and he came to the throne upon the death of his brother, Alexander, in 1825.

Constantine was next in age to Alexander, and was therefore heir to the throne; but, for some reason not well explained, he waived his right of succession in behalf of Nicholas. The latter has proved to be a man of even greater talents than his celebrated predecessor; and, while his

ambition is more grasping, his amiable qualities are less conspicuous. Indeed, he seems to be the very personification of a despot, and his whole soul seems bent upon the aggrandizement of his empire.

Every thing in relation to a man who must be considered one of the most wonderful personages living is interesting: we therefore give the following sketch of the appearance of Nicholas, derived from a foreign journal:—

"A towering plume moved, the crowd fell back, and in a vacant space stood a figure to which there is no second in Russia, if in the world itself—a figure of the grandest beauty, expression, dimension, and carriage, uniting all the majesties and graces of all the heathen gods, the little god of love alone perhaps excepted, in its ample and symmetrical proportions. Had this nobility of person belonged to one of common rank, instead of to the autocrat of all the Russias, the admiration could not have been less, nor scarcely the feelings of moral awe. It was not the monarch who was so magnificent a man, but the man who was truly imperial.

"The person of the emperor is that of a colossal man, in the full prime of life and health, forty-two years of age, about six feet two inches high, and well filled out, without any approach to corpulency; the head magnificently carried, a splendid breadth of shoulder and chest, great length and symmetry of limb, with finely-formed hands and feet. His face is strictly Grecian, forehead and nose in one grand line; the eyes finely lined, large, open, and blue, with a calmness, a coldness a freezing dignity, which can equally quell an insurrection, daunt an assassin, or paralyze

a petitioner; the mouth regular, teeth fine, chin prominent, with dark moustache and small whiskers; but not a sympathy on his face! His mouth sometimes smiled, his eyes never. There was that in his look which no monarch's subject could meet. His eye seeks every one's gaze, but none can confront his."

My Father's Half-Bushel.

MY father's half-bushel comes oft to my mind,

And wakens deep feelings of various sorts:

'Twas an honest half-bushel, a noble half-bushel;

It held a half-bushel of thirty-two quarts!

When I think of that bushel,—my father's half-bushel,

That dear old half-bushel, so honest and true,—

Then look at the bushels, our city half-bushels,

Little dandy half-bushels,—it makes me feel blue!

O, my father's half-bushel, that country half-bushel,

Say, when, with blest vision, its like shall I see?

'Twas a blessed half-bushel, and he was a true man,

For he filled his half-bushel, and something threw free!

Yet all the half-bushels, if mean, are not small;

I'm vexed with the great ones the most, after all.

O, mark out that ashman's next time he shall call;

'Tis a monstrous half-bushel—holds quarts sixty-four:

So send the base rascal away from your door!

'Tis a fact I am stating—no slanders I utter—

But who can forbear, when cheated, to mutter

In New York, a barrel—I pray you, don't laugh—

Will not hold so much ashes as potatoes by half'

O, what are the lawyers, and what are the laws,

But bugbears and phantoms, — mere feathers or straws !

Unless our half-bushels are all made as one,
Like father's half-bushel, I say, we're undone !

Journal of Commerce.



The Magnetic Telegraph.

THE inventor of this wonder-working device is a native of Massachusetts, and a son of Dr. Morse, who used to write all the geography books. The inventor was a painter, and a good one ; but he is likely to be as famous for his electrical discovery as was even Dr. Franklin, for a similar achievement. The latter drew down lightning from the clouds ; the former has made lightning the winged courier of words and thoughts. Of all the startling wonders of our age, this is indeed the most amazing, and promises

entirely to change all our accustomed notions of time and distance.

A similar invention has been made by Mr. Wheatstone, in England ; but Morse's preceded it by three years, in point of time. The American invention is also manifestly so superior, that the scientific men of various countries, who have made themselves acquainted with both systems, unhesitatingly give their verdict in favor of ours. The two inventions are totally unlike, except in the single fact of transmitting electricity through metal conductors. The English uses the *deflection of the needle* ; the American, the *power of the electro-magnet*. The English uses *five wires* ; the American, *but one*. The English *points to a letter* by the needle ; the American *writes it down on paper*. The English attendant must *constantly watch his dial*, or his communication is lost ; the American attendant may leave the room, and his *instrument faithfully records* all that has been sent, *to be read and reviewed at leisure*. The English transmits *slowly* ; the American, with *great rapidity*.

Methodist Preacher's Wit.

ONE of the western papers tells a good anecdote of a Methodist preacher, who, after sending round the contribution-box at a camp-meeting, and exhorting the congregation to be liberal in contributing, looked into the box, and, on seeing the money mostly made up of cents, exclaimed, with great gravity, "I perceive that Alexander the coppersmith hath done us much harm !"

LITTLE and often fills the purse.

Wonders of the North of Europe.

IN a former number, we have given an account of the *long days and nights* of the polar regions of North America. Dr. Baird furnishes the following curious particulars in relation to the same subject in the north of Europe.

He tells us that there is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of night. He had himself no conception of it before his arrival. He arrived at Stockholm in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends, having taken no note of time, and returned about midnight. It was then as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly; but all was quiet in the streets. It seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away, or were dead. There were no signs of life, the stores being closed.

The sun, in June, goes down at Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole; and the refraction of its rays is such, that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. B. read a letter, in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go up there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm, for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun goes down to the

horizon, — you can see the whole face of it, — and in five minutes it begins to rise. At the North Cape, lat. 72° , it does not go down for several weeks.

On the 23d of June it would be, at midnight, about 25° above the horizon. The people there know it is midnight, when they see the sun begin to rise. The changes, in those high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time, the sun disappears, and is not seen for six weeks. Then it comes up and shows its face. Afterwards it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, then descends; and, finally, it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens. At this time hired persons work by the hour, and twelve hours are considered a day's work. Birds and beasts take their accustomed rest at their usual hours. The doctor did not know how they learned the time to go to rest, whether the sun goes down or not.

During the long days, the hens take to the trees about seven, P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into this habit of late rising too. The first morning Dr. B. awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it only three o'clock. The next time he awoke, it was five o'clock, but there was nobody in the streets.

The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing probably to the climate. The sun is up so long that the atmosphere becomes very hot, though not so warm as our summer weather. The shopkeepers in Stockholm, in the middle of the day, used to shut up their shops, and

take their *siesta*; but the government allowed the Jews to come in, and they obliged the Swedes to change: the Jews kept their shops open in the middle of the day, and the Swedes were forced to follow the example. But they are not very thankful to the Jews for it.

The Diet of Norway does not allow a Jew to step his foot in that country. The law was made in the nineteenth century, and is a disgrace to the age and its Protestantism. They exclude both Jews and Jesuits. A few years ago the government advertised for money: a Jew went in a steamboat from Copenhagen, to negotiate the loan. He made a bargain, and afterwards wanted to go ashore; but this privilege was refused him. They were glad of his money, but would not allow him to step his foot on the soil.

The country of the Swedes and the Norwegians may be called the New England of Europe. It is a land of rocks, and contains an innumerable number of lakes and islands. No part of it is perfectly level, and where the surface is comparatively so, it is still undulating. There are many iron mines, and some of gold and silver. The iron mine of Dannemora, which is in a plain country, and five hundred feet deep, is particularly celebrated, as also the iron and copper mines of Fahlun. The mining districts are poor and populous, but we find there the best people in Sweden.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.—The eye speaks but one language, yet is understood by all; while the tongue may speak many, and deceive all. The eye, not the ear, is the interpreter of the soul.

Eloquence of Quackery.

IN one of the quack advertisements of the day, we find the following magnificent passage:—

“I never, to my recollection, had more than five or six, among the thousands who have used it, say that it was not favorable to their complaint. On the contrary, I have had hundreds return voluntarily, and, in the warmest and most pathetic language, speak in its praise. I have had physicians, learned in the profession; I have had ministers of the gospel, judges on the bench, aldermen and lawyers, gentlemen of the highest erudition, and multitudes of the poor, use it in every variety of way; and there has been but one voice, one united, universal voice, saying, ‘M’A——, your ointment is GOOD.’”

They might have added, “M’A——, you draw a long bow!”

What is Luxury?

ACANDLE would have been a luxury to Alfred, a half-crown cotton gown to his queen. Carpets, in lieu of rushes, would have been luxury to Henry VII., glass windows, in lieu of horn, to his nobles; a lattice to Henry VIII.’s queen; silk gloves and stockings to Queen Elizabeth; and so on *ad infinitum*. Mr. Charles Waterton, the author of some works on natural history, in an account of his family, tells us that one of his ancestors, in the time of Henry IV., “was sent into France by the king, with orders to contract a royal marriage, and was allowed thirteen shillings a day for his trouble and travelling expenses.”

*Iowa Chief.**Pawnee Chief.*

Mr. Catlin and King Louis Philippe.

MR. CATLIN, who has been a great deal among our western Indians, and who has done more than any body else to give us accurate ideas of their manners and customs, is now in Paris, exhibiting his portraits of Indian chiefs, and his sketches of western life and scenery. These have been shown in Boston and New York; and perhaps some of our readers remember, in the collection, the two portraits above, copied from Catlin's paintings. What curious folks these Indian chiefs are!

It is not strange that in Paris, where refinement is carried to excess, the greatest interest should have been excited by Mr. Catlin's pictures of our wild people of the west. Even the king, Louis Philippe, sent for the artist to his palace at St. Cloud, and, among other pleasant

things, told him a good story of himself. We must say, by way of preface, that, during the French revolution, Louis Philippe, then a young man, was obliged to fly for his life. He wandered about in many countries, poor and disconsolate, and at one time was in the United States.

"On one occasion," said his majesty, "while in the west, we were travelling in an open wagon, drawn by two free horses, and, in descending a hill at a rapid pace, came to a high stump in the centre of the road. One of the horses chose to pass on one side of it, and his fellow on the other; so that, in spite of all the driver could do, the wagon was dashed against the stump, and we were thrown out with great violence. Stunned by the fall, I lay for some moments insensible;

but, on recovering, managed to bind up and draw blood from my arm, and was carried to a neighboring cabin, and in a couple of days found myself able to proceed. A few hours previous to my departure, however, I received a visit from the squire, and several other important personages of the *neighborhood*, who had come to endeavor to persuade me to remain and practise medicine amongst them. They offered to guaranty me a good living,—feeling certain, to use their own words, that a man who could doctor himself was well calculated to heal others, and were quite disappointed when I declined their proposition.”

Rhyming Grammar.

1. **THREE** little words we often see
Are **ARTICLES**,—*a, an, and the.*
2. A **NOUN** 's the name of any thing ;
As, *school or garden, hoop or swing.*
3. **ADJECTIVES** tell the kind of noun ;
As, *great, small, pretty, white, or brown.*
4. Instead of *Nouns* the **PRONOUNS** stand ;
John's head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.
5. **VERBS** tell of something being done ;
To *read, write, count, sing, jump, or run.*
6. How things are done the **ADVERBS** tell ;
As, *slowly, quickly, ill, or well.*
7. **CONJUNCTIONS** join the words together ;
As, *men and children, wind or weather.*
8. A **PREPOSITION** stands before
A noun ; as *in or through* a door.
9. The **INTERJECTION** shows surprise ;
As, *Oh ! how pretty ! Ah ! how wise !*

The whole are called *Nine PARTS of Speech*,
Which *reading, writing, speaking* teach.

Worcester Cataract.

The Food of Man.

IT is curious and interesting to trace the history of man in his means and measures to procure food. The following list of some of the leading articles of human support, derived from the vegetable kingdom, with notices of their changes and modifications by art, is interesting and instructive :—

The potato is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru, and Monte Vidco. In its native state, the root is small and bitter. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1588. It is now spread over the world. Wheat and rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous. The only country where the oat is found wild is in Abyssinia, and there it may be considered a native. Maize, or Indian corn, is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus. The bread-fruit tree is a native of the South Sea Islands, particularly Otaheite.

Tea is found a native nowhere except in China and Japan, from the first of which the world is supplied. The cocoanut is a native of most equinoctial countries, and is one of the most valuable trees, as food, clothing, and shelter, are afforded by it. Coffee is a native of Arabia Felix, but is now spread into both the East and West Indies. The best coffee is brought from Mocha, in Arabia, whence about fourteen millions of pounds are annually exported. St. Domingo furnishes from sixty to seventy millions of pounds yearly. All the varieties of the apple are derived from the crab-apple, which is found native in most parts of the world.

The peach is derived from Persia, where it still grows in a native state, small, bitter, and with poisonous qualities. Tobacco is a native of Mexico and South America, and lately one species has been found in New Holland. It was first introduced into England from North Carolina, in 1586, by Sir Walter Raleigh. Asparagus

was brought from Asia; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; horseradish from China; rice from Ethiopia; beans from the East Indies. Onions and garlies are natives of various places both in Asia and Africa. The sugar-cane is a native of China, and from thence is derived the art of making sugar from it. — *Genesee Far.*



The Discontented Steed.

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time, when horses could talk, and several of these animals were collected in the shade of the trees, a restiff, uneasy young steed asked his companions to listen to his advice. "My friends and fellow-brutes," said he, "I have been thinking that we live a miserable life, in this bondage to that despotic creature, called Man. How much happier should we be, if, instead of toiling beneath the saddle, dragging the plough, or pulling along the coach, we were our own masters, and could eat and drink, frisk and frolic, in the pastures at our pleasure! For my part, I am determined to throw off the yoke of servitude, and set up for myself." Upon this, the

colt hoisted his long tail, pricked up his ears, and galloped proudly around the field.

The other horses looked on, some thinking there was a good deal in what the young fellow said; but most of them inwardly laughed at his short-sighted and conceited folly. After waiting a while, an old steed, who had seen much service, spoke thus: "My companions, be not deceived by this specious idea of living without work; for such a thing is impossible, if we would live well. The climate here is cold; and in winter the earth is covered with snow. What should we do, during that long and desolate period, were it not for the crib and rack pro-

vided by our masters? Our young friend speaks of living in the pasture a life of idleness and pleasure; but it should be remembered that the grass of these fields springs from the cultivation man has bestowed upon them. They belong to him, and, unless we serve him in return for our support, he will drive us away, and we shall perish. No, my friends; we must toil, and by that toil purchase the enjoyments of life. Man himself labors for us; by the sweat of his brow he tills the land, and produces oats and corn; by this he prepares the meadow, and makes the hay. Let us, therefore, contentedly do our part, according to the appointed course of things; and, while we receive benefits, let us give benefits in return."

This sensible discourse was received with a general neigh of approbation; and perhaps we may gather this lesson from the story, — that, in the conduct of society, each one should be content to follow the path of industry, and do his share in promoting the happiness of the world at large.

A Miser.

A MISER is one who has become insane in respect to money. *The proper use of this article is to do good* — to supply first our own wants, and then to dispose of it for the good of others. But sometimes persons become so fond of it that they hate to part with it: they go on collecting more and more of it, and at last, in the insane desire of increasing their store, they sacrifice the pleasures, comforts, and duties of life.

At this point, a man becomes a miser, and is a *monomaniac*; that is, he is mad.

He has lost his reason upon this particular subject. He may act wisely in other matters, but in this he is a fool. His thirst for more, and more, and more treasure, leads him to grind the poor, to starve his body, to deny the sacred claims of charity. At the same time, he becomes so anxious about his gold and silver, that he cannot sleep peacefully; every gust of wind that rattles a window or door he fancies to be thieves coming to rob him of his money. Thus he goes on, till at last he sinks into his grave, and his soul goes where money can do him no good, and where deeds of charity and usefulness, performed on earth, would be a thousand times more for his happiness.

The following story will give some idea of the extent to which this money madness may be carried; and we may add, that it is by no means a singular case.

An old man died last summer in Paris, at the advanced age of eighty-five, who was a perfect miser. He came to Paris, accompanied by his son, three years since, in the most abject state of poverty. They depended entirely upon the charity of their neighbors for subsistence, and were in the daily habit of begging from door to door for something to support them. One of the neighbors, having missed seeing the old man for a few days, went in search of him, and found him just breathing his last in a miserable hovel, destitute of every necessary. He was lying on a heap of straw, in one corner of the hut, without any covering. In the same place was his son, about sixteen years old, with scarcely a rag to cover him, crying most piteously. On asking the reason, he said his father had been without any food for more than

two days, and that he had not a sou to purchase any.

Observing, near the straw, a large iron-bound chest, he inquired what it contained. The son replied that his father had told him it was full of iron. He then proposed selling it; and, having procured a key, they opened it; but what was their astonishment on finding it filled with gold

pieces (coins of Louis XVI.) instead of iron, amounting in all to one hundred and fifty thousand francs! (thirty thousand dollars.) It was supposed the old man had accumulated this large sum by begging. His son became almost insane on the receipt of this fortune; but he amply rewarded the neighbors who had assisted him.



The Abipones.

OF all the American Indians, it would seem that the Abipones are the most wonderful. They originally occupied a district in Paraguay, and, from the earliest periods of history, have attracted the attention of the Spanish settlers. They are tall, well made, and lighter colored than most Indians. Their sight and teeth

are often perfect at the age of a hundred, and a man who dies at eighty is thought to come to an untimely end. Both sexes are tattooed, and in this process suffer great pain without a murmur. The men have their hair and eyebrows plucked out by old women, who use tweezers made of bone.

They eat tigers' flesh, and drink the melted fat of that animal. They think these things give courage and strength, while eggs, fish, &c., beget cowardice and sloth. The women are ingenious, and make combs of bristles; jugs and pots of earth; harnesses, carpets, and wrappers of the skin of the jaguar. The men delight in war, and in this display amazing courage, fierceness, and enterprise. They have abundance of horses, and, like the fabled centaurs of antiquity,—half man and half horse,—they sweep over the plains, dealing death and destruction upon their enemies.

The Abipones are far less numerous than formerly, having been reduced by the wars with the Spaniards. The Jesuits had stations among them, and produced some good effects; but the leading characteristics of the race still remain.

A Dreadful Joke.

Two young men, the Count de Brechtenstein and Baron Liefertn, lately lived together at Pesth, in Hungary, on intimate terms. The former always boasted of his intrepidity, and declared that nothing could frighten him. "What! not even supernatural things?" said M. de Liefertn. "Even less than others," said his friend, "since they do not exist." The upshot of the affair was, that a bet of one hundred ducats was made by M. de Liefertn that he should be able to terrify his friend. Four months passed over, and nothing was heard of the wager, when, one evening, M. de Liefertn persuaded his friend's valet to permit him to hide himself under his master's bed. He took care to draw the balls from a pair

of pistols that always hung at the head of the bed. M. de Brechtenstein returned home as usual, and went to bed. As soon as he had fallen asleep, M. de Liefertn came out from under the bed, threw a sheet around him, and put on a mask, representing a skull. He then drew the quilt, to awake his friend, who, on seeing the spectre, cried out, "Be off, and leave me quiet!" Seeing that the figure still remained, he took down one of the pistols, and fired it at him. M. de Liefertn then rolled on the bed one of the balls which he had taken from the pistols. M. de Brechtenstein, who was sitting up, on seeing this, fell back on the bed. His friend immediately ran forward to assure him that it was all a trick; but M. de Brechtenstein was dead; he had been struck with apoplexy.

A Queer Mouse-trap.

SOME time since, two or three young men of this county, belonging to the same house, had stationed themselves around a cupboard for the purpose of despatching all the rats and mice that passed out, while some one was punching with a stick behind the shelves and in the cracks of the house. One of the chaps had a wonderful propensity for holding his mouth wide open whenever particularly interested in any matter. He happened to be in this condition on the occasion alluded to, when a mouse, seeing it, and taking it, as we suppose, for a hole into which he might take refuge from his pursuers, ran in, and was actually swallowed alive by the man. This can be testified to by several respectable citizens, if disputed. — *Sandersville Telescope.*



Gassendi.

PETER GASSENDI, born in France, in 1592, was one of the most remarkable men of his age. His parents were poor; but he devoted himself early to study, and, at the age of four years, composed sermons which astonished all who read them. At the age of seven years, he would at night go away by himself, and look up to the stars, and study their appearance with intense interest.

It was about this time that Peter had a dispute with some boys as to the moon. The clouds were driving across the face of the moon, and it seemed as if that, and not the clouds, was moving. It is probable that all our readers have witnessed a similar phenomenon. The question among the boys, whether the seeming movement belonged to the clouds or moon, was easily settled by the ingenious Gassendi. He told the boys to sit down and look at the

moon, through the branches of the trees. This they did, and they all saw at once that the moon kept its place, while the clouds drifted rapidly by.

It may be well believed that Gassendi grew up to be a famous philosopher. He lived to the age of sixty-three, admired and revered by the great and good of his time.

Our Correspondence.

“DEAR, dear, what can the matter be?” Is it owing to the cheap postage law; or is it that the approach of winter gives leisure for scribbling; or is it that Old Merry is growing more a favorite with the young world, that our letter-box is full to overflowing? Whatever may be the cause, we are really delighted, and are only sorry that our little magazine can take in so small a portion of the pleasant, funny, pathetic, playful, serious, wise, and witty things which come addressed to us from the four winds. Here are some of them:—

Maine, Dec. 9, 1845.

WOULD Mr. Merry like a new correspondent? Perhaps he has already so many that he cannot find room for me, which might be as well, for, should *this* meet a favorable reception, perhaps I might trouble him again. Your correspondents reside in all parts of the United States but Texas and Oregon. I don't think your pleasant little magazine has crossed the Rocky Mountains, though it may have reached them. Your correspondents at the south and west scarcely tell us what kind of a country theirs is; and I have looked in vain for a description of the *red men*. It may be that they do not know much of them, for I had almost forgotten the removal of a large number to a more distant region. I pity them; many obliged, in old age, to leave the hunting-grounds of their youth, to which their hearts are no less bound because *we* call

them savage. Will not some of my fellow-readers of the Museum contribute a description of these sons of the forest, as *they* have seen them in New York, in Michigan, in Delaware, Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, Maine, and Canada? I have myself often seen them; but it needs a daguerreotype to present their dirty, swarthy skins, their soiled finery, their black eyes, beautiful hands, and small feet. I have not space to tell of silver breastplate and tarnished crucifix, worn on the breast, bare as a Roman's. There is no romance round them here, but dear to me are their history and their memory.

I have been a constant reader of your magazine ever since its commencement. It often comes to help cheer our pleasant evenings; and, among all our amusing and instructive books, the Museum is the most anxiously sought out by those who claim ownership. In summer, sunny skies and out-door frolics circumscribe its influence; but, in colder weather, we love to read its amusing tales and *funny* anecdotes, while the fire is beaming upon the hearth, and we all surround the brightly-lighted centre-table. We have together chanted the chorus of Dr. Darwin's cat, Snow, and wondered what kind of a cat-ty strophe pussy returned. My sister says she proved herself a *blue cat*, if her answer was in Miss Seward's style. I have sympathized with your correspondents, particularly "Laura," and often imagined myself *one* of them, till, thinking "the pleasure must be great to see one's self in print," I have set about manufacturing an epistle, as a Christmas gift, for my good friend, Mr. Merry, wishing him all sorts of health, happiness, and prosperity. The riddle sent lang syne, by "Harriet, of Newport," weighs heavy on my mind. That *Abracadabra* was the answer, I soon ascertained; and also that some of the different parts were *Asa, Bob, Refer, Aea, Aga, Did, Anna*; but the "Spanish ship's name" has baffled me, though I have thought more about it than you would suppose. What the appellation of that beverage is which commences with *C*, and "backward or forward spells just the same," I have not been able to discover, either.

Might I presume to ask a favor? I would

suggest that pleasant, familiar letters, descriptive of winter scenes and fireside enjoyments, and written in a lively style, to the readers of the Museum, would have a charm for some, at least, of them. Do not you know, Mr. Merry, among all your acquaintance, any who would contribute such a letter once a month?

Mr. Merry's constant friend,

LOUISA.

Belvidere, N. J., Nov. 8, 1845.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

WE have taken your Museum for the last year, and found it a very useful and profitable magazine. Therefore I have concluded that, as long as your Museum continues as instructive and amusing as it now is, and as long as I can afford to subscribe for it, I will take it; for I think it is one of the best and cheapest published in the United States.

As I have never seen any thing in your Museum that enlivened its pages relating to the delightful *Valley of Wyoming*, I here wish to inform your little "black-eyed and blue-eyed readers" what a beautiful vale it is; for I am sure it will be interesting to those who have never visited it. Though I was there but a short time, I saw a great deal which was "beyond comparing." It is situated on the west side of the "still gliding" Susquehanna, and extends sixteen miles down the river, where it escapes through a rocky gorge, and pursues its way to the Atlantic. Its surface is level, and its soil is exceedingly fertile, not inferior to any tract of land in the commonwealth.

Here are the beautiful scenes for the poet's pen and the painter's pencil; yet the poet may describe it in the beautiful language of a poet; the painter may paint it with his bright colors; but, unless they see the original, they are left in darkness. I have read descriptions and viewed paintings of numerous places, yet I have not seen pictured so lovely a spot as Wyoming. It is a beautiful vale: there is none within the range of my acquaintance that presents such beautiful scenery, — none which I more admire. Here the mind may wander with the eye, and never weary in tracing the varied scenery that presents itself.

I suppose most of your little friends have

heard of the Wyoming massacre, which occurred the 3d of July, 1778 — one of the most heart-rending records in the annals of the revolutionary war. In that dreadful affair, about three hundred settlers were killed or taken prisoners, from the greater part of whom no intelligence was ever obtained. The Europeans, with the Indians, in an unexpected hour, converted this earthly paradise into a frightful waste, and

———— “the aged and the young
Were dashed upon the gory rock of woe.”

Campbell describes it in the following beautiful language: —

“Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks in green declivities,
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew —
With timbrel, when, beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew,
And aye those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.”

On the high banks of the Susquehanna, beyond the reach of the spring floods, bones are to be found without number. A number of skeletons are occasionally found where a single cellar is dug, generally in a sitting position, with their faces towards the setting sun. Pestles, arrow-heads, and hoes of stone, are found in abundance; some flint axes, and burned vessels of clay, are also found.

I am informed by Mr. L—— that two skeletons were found a few years since, in stone coffins, side by side. The top stone was slightly removed by a man who was ploughing in the field. These bones were very large. The coffins were formed by four long stone slabs, with two smaller ones at the ends. The bones lay at full length within the coffin. About forty beads, of a white color, were at the neck. A stone jug, with half a pint of clear, transparent oil, arrow-heads, and stone hatchets, and other small matters, were likewise found. The other stone box was similarly formed. The skeleton was much less in size. It is supposed by many they held husband and wife, and that these were persons of a high rank. But why they were buried so differently from the thousands turning to dust around them cannot be accounted for.

Near the river, “on Susquehanna's side,” stands the monument which marks the place of the dreadful massacre. “It is an humble column, too humble for the space it occupies, and the deeds it silently commemorates.” While I was viewing it, I took the following inscription from a marble slab which is placed in the north side of the monument: —

“Near this spot was fought,
on the afternoon of the third of July, 1778,
the Battle of Wyoming:
in which a small band of patriotic Americans,
chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged,
spared by inefficiency from the distant banks of the
republic,
led by Col. Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathan Denison,
with a courage that deserved success,
fearlessly met and bravely fought
a combined British, Tory, and Indian force, of thrice
their number.
Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader;
and wide-spread havoc, desolation, and ruin
marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the
valley.

This Monument,
commemorative of these events,
and in memory of the actors in them,
has been erected
over the bones of the slain
by their descendants, and others who greatly appreciate
the services and sacrifices of their patriot ancestors.”

On every side is a marble slab, containing the names of the surviving and slain field-officers, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, and privates. It is built of dark stone, sixty-five feet high, and twenty-four feet square at the foundation, with walls about three feet thick at the base.

The view of the mountains from the valley is beautiful. The Bald Mountain, which lies about eight miles in a north-easterly direction from the valley, presents a grand view to the spectator. Yet the wildness of the mountain scenery does not compare with the fertile land of the Valley of Wyoming.

Yours respectfully, N. H. W.

De Soto Parish, La., Oct. 15, 1845.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

PERCEIVING, by your Museum, to which I am a subscriber, that many boys and girls write to you, and send puzzles and co-

nundrums, I take the liberty of following their example, and herewith send you an historical puzzle. Your little periodical affords great amusement to us all in this remote corner of the Union. I am particularly delighted with the puzzles, and take great pleasure in solving them. The answer to the enigmatical question in the September number, sent by E. R. P——r, is *Bar*; and that to the conundrum in the same page,—“What is that which is always invisible, yet never out of sight,”—is, *The letter I*.

I should like very much to witness the tournament at the Faquier White Sulphur Springs, which your Virginian correspondent mentions in his letter; but, as I reside at such a distance from that place, I must content myself with reading descriptions of it.

If you think that the following historical puzzle is worthy of admittance into your Museum, you will oblige, by inserting it,

A black-eyed friend to Merry, Z.

HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 3, 5, 8, 13, was one of the most illustrious of the Roman patriots.

My 9, 5, 6, 13, 11, 7, was a son of Canute the Great, remarkable for his swift running.

My 17, 11, 5, 6, 12, 3, was a celebrated Goth.

My 3, 13, 14, 1, 17, 21, was a German leader, engaged in the third crusade.

My 15, 20, 3, 19, 13, 6, was a commander in the Trojan war.

My 17, 8, 19, 2, 11, 5, was styled “the scourge of God.”

My 4, 10, 11, 20, 14, was the lovely Grecian who occasioned the ten years’ war.

My 14, 16, 1, 13, was a Roman emperor, notorious for his cruelty.

My 5, 18, 14, 13, 11, 7, was the American traitor.

My 17, 14, 14, 10, was the last sovereign of the Stuart family.

My 3, 2, 3, 10, 1, 13, was the great Roman orator.

My 15, 13, 6, 5, 3, 10, was a Roman poet.

And my whole was one of the most eminent of the crusaders.

MR. MERRY:

DEAR SIR: According to the suggestion of J. J., of New Jersey, I have tried to see how many words I could make out of *cosmopolite*. I have got one hundred and ninety-five.

I send you a list of one hundred and forty-four words from *philanthropist*, in addition to those sent by J. J.

A	I	oast	Rant	sloat	stir
also	inlist	oh	rapt	slot	stout
alt	instil	or	ratio	sloth	strait
an	intort	oral	ration	snail	Talon
aphorist	it	orphan	riant	snap	tanpa
appoint	La	orts	rial	snarl	tap
astilt	lain	Pa	rhine	snath	tapis
attorn	lair	panoplist	roil	snip	tarn
Ha	latin	papist	roint	so	thrash
halo	latish	parol	roist	sol	throat
hap	liar	parson	rosin	sop	tilt
harl	lion	pastil	Sailor	soph	tiro
harlot	lit	pharoe	saint	sophi	to
harsh	lo	pish	saltpit	sophist	toil
hasp	loan	pistil	sap	spinal	tonsil
hast	loin	plat	sart	spiral	topsal
hin	lorn	platonist	satin	spital	toct
hint	loth	polar	shalt	splint	transit
hipshot	Nation	polish	shoal	split	trial
historian	natron	popish	shori	spoil	trio
ho	nit	poplar	siphon	sprat	trip
help	net	poplin	sirloin	sprit	trot
horn	nostril	portal	sith	station	troth
hospital	O	prison	slain	stilar	stint

J. J. has made a mistake in six of his words. There are no such words as *nash* and *slat*. The first is spelt *gnash*. He cannot make either *nod* or *till*. There is neither any *d*, nor two *l*'s. He has written *sit* twice. He cannot make *splash*, because there are not two *s*'s.

I think it would be a good puzzle to put the letters of a word in alphabetical order, and then to have the word found out, and to have as many words as possible made out of the letters. I propose *a, c, e, h, l, m, m, n, o, o, t, w*.

Yours, JAMES M. P——E.

☞ We commend the suggestions of our correspondent, J. M. P., to our readers. His criticisms upon J. J.'s letter are just in the main, though we believe he will find such a thing as a *slat* in the back of a chair, and such a word in Webster's Dictionary. He will see that he is beaten by M. W. as to *cosmopolite*.

Bath, Nov. 25, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

I WAS very much interested in the communication of your correspondent, J. J., of New Jersey. I have turned my attention to the word *cosmopolite*, and out of it have made about two hundred and fifty words. I subjoin a list, which you may publish or not, as you choose. It has helped me to spend some pleasant hours of my vacation.

Yours,

M. W.

Cell	elm	lote	piles	sit	stem
cess	elite	loto	pill	site	step
cest	elope	Me	pimp	slut	stile
ceil	elops	meet	pimple	slice	still
cit	else	melt	pip	slim	stilt
cite	eli	mess	pipe	slime	stilt
coil	emmet	met	pit	slip	stole
cole	emit	mete	plot	slit	stool
collop	epitome	mice	poet	sloe	stoop
coo	epitomise	mile	poetess	sloop	stop
cool	epistle	mill	pole	slop	stopple
coom	eisel	milt	police	slope	Teem
coop	esteem	mist	polite	smell	tell
root	Ice	mite	poll	smelt	tempest
clime	ill	mele	pommel	smile	temple
close	illicit	moose	pomp	smite	tempt
clot	imp	moot	pool	smote	test
come	impose	mop	poem	so	tie
cemet	impost	mope	pop	soe	tile
commit	is	moppet	pope	soil	till
committee	it	moss	pose	sole	tilt
compel	item	most	posse	solo	tip
compete	its	mote	posse	some	tippet
compile	Lee	motto	posset	sometime	tipple
complete	lees	Oil	post	soot	tiptoe
complot	leet	olio	pot	sop	title
compose	less	omit	pottle	soes	tittle
composite	lessee	omelet	scoop	sot	to
compost	let	oppose	scope	specie	toe
cop	lie	optic	sect	species	toil
cope	lime	opposite	see	spice	toilet
copee	lip	ossicle	seel	spoil	toilsome
coppel	list	Peel	seem	spit	tole
cos	lo	pelt	sell	spite	toll
cos	loo	pest	sept	spittle	too
cosset	loom	pestle	set	splice	tool
cost	loop	pet	settee	spool	tom
costal	lop	petit	settle	spot	top
cot	lose	pie	sice	steel	tope
cote	loss	piece	sill	steep	topmost
Eel	lost	pile	slip	steeple	toes
elect	lot				

M. W. will see that, in *commit* and *committee*, he puts in two *m*'s, while there is but one in *cosmopolite*. The same objection lies against many other words in his list.

MR. EDITOR:

As my children have been much entertained by the enigmas which they have found in your publications, and as I consider

the solving of them one of the most desirable of recreations, inasmuch as it exercises the mental powers, I send you one, which is so old that it will probably be new to your young friends, if not to yourself.

With many thanks for your most acceptable efforts in behalf of the young,

I am, sir, respectfully yours,

F. L. S

Newark, N. J., Nov. 19, 1845

ENIGMA.

A creature once did on this planet dwell,
As sacred writers undoubtedly do tell:
Upon this earth his vital breath he drew.
Yet neither sin nor moral evil knew.
He never shall be raised from the dead,
Nor at the day of judgment show his head,
Yet in this creature dwelt a soul, that must
Suffer in hell, or reign among the just.

The following letter comes to us in blue ink, and is very neatly written. We did not know that we had *such a boy* among our ten-year-olds; but, if so, we should be glad to see him. Perhaps he meant to say that he is one of our blue-eyed readers, and not one of our blue-eyed boys. Here is his epistle.

Leominster, Dec. 20, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

I SEE that many children are writing to you, and, as I am one of your blue-eyed boys of ten years old, I thought I would send you a letter. I like your Museum very much; but, as I see Parley's name on the title, I wish to ask whether he writes any thing for it. Father says that Peter Parley and Robert Merry are all one; but, if so, 'tis a greater puzzle than the Siamese twins. However, I don't think they are the same, for old Parley wrote in a simpler and easier way than you do. There are some big words in your magazine, which it takes me as long to spell out as it does to climb over a stone fence. However, I like you pretty well, and intend to come and see you soon.

Yours truly,

THOMAS L—E

Our friend, A. D. A., who has made two hundred and fourteen words out of the letters in *philanthropist*, will see that J. J. and J. M. P—e, have surpassed him.

R. T. T. will also see that he is outdone by M. W. in respect to *cosmopolite*. L. C. C. will make a similar observation. "A Subscriber" has sent us a list of five hundred and seventy words made out of *cosmopolite*; but many are not authentic words. Many of them con-

tain the letters repeated oftener than they are found in *cosmopolite*.

Our correspondents, A. G. C—t, Boston; R. P. N—l, of Guilford; E. R. P., of Norwalk; L. S., of N. J.; Mary L—, of Salem; and H. L., of Lafayette, will see that we have not space for their esteemed favors. F. H. H.'s letter is received.

We are glad to find that J. B. S—h has settled down at Geneva, after all his wanderings. Geneva is a lovely place to reside in.

The Child's First Grief.

WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS. MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

WITH FEELING.

O, call my brother back to me; I cannot play a - lone; The

summer comes with flower and bee; Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track:
I care not now to chase its flight—
O, call my brother back."

"He would not hear my voice, fair child;
He may not come to thee:
The face, that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see."

"And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?"

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er? —
O, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"